

# Obsequium & Veritas:

OR

## A DIALOGUE

Between

LONDON and SOUTHWARK,

Concerning the

Sitting and Diffolution

of the Last

# PARLIAMENT

at Oxford, March 21<sup>st</sup>. 1681.

In a Dialogue betwixt a Shoo-maker, and a Taylor.

**Shoom.** Good morrow, Jack! how stands the case of your *Affairs* at your end of the Town!

**Taylor.** Stand! Believe me, we are like to have a blessed *Parliament*; and we don't doubt, but we shall have hopeful Resolutions, and a brave Result of all their Consultations.

**Shoom.** Well; but let us not stand here, let *Affairs* stand how they will; let us take one Cup of good Ale together, and discourse it further. Let us step here into the *Kings-Head*, here's a glass of good liquor.

**Tay.** Come, *allons donc*. ---

**Shoom.** Well; we were talking of hopeful Resolutions; and a successful Issue to all the Consultations of the *Parliament*. Thus, you say, the City hop's for, nay doubts not of.

**Tay.** Yes, indeed; for to shew you how great an Esteem, and sublime regard we have for our *Parliament*, we have had the Major part of the City, all true Protestants, and good Patriots; who offered their services to, and accordingly did accompany our *Sheriffs* and *Members* of the *Parliament* to Oxford.

**Shoom.** *S'Death*! that's an unwonted Ceremony, and it smells plaguy rank of *Rebellion*. Bless me! what were you affraid of, that made you enter upon such a tumultuous Complement? I heard indeed you were all richly equipt, and made a most glorious show, I was then in the Country, and so, did not understand it.

**Tay.** Why not understand it? had we not a great deal of reason, to secure the safety of those worthy Persons, who were to deliver us out of the Fears, Distractions, and Disorders, which the cursed *Popish Plot*, and the Succession of a *Popish Prince*, by which would follow the Subversion of our *Religion, Laws, and Liberties*, and consequently the yoke of *Popish* Servitude, did put us into:

**Shoom.** I faith; you are brave fellows! you talk of the safety of His Majesties Person, and how great *Loyalty* and *Zeal* tends to it; but for ought I see, the subject is prefer'd before the Prince; the King is not at all intimidated, though in the midst of the most Implacable Enemies; but he can & did venture his Journey to Oxford, attended with not Twenty of his Guards, when Mr. *Parliament* Man has forsooth about Three or Four hundred for his suit! Well, but what Newes have you from Oxford, what, are we like to have a longer Session than they had last?

Tay

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Tay. They are Dissolv'd!

Shoom. Dissolv'd? S'Death, when?

Tay. On Munday last, being on the 28th. of March.

Shoom. Really, I'me glad of it. Indeed, I heard how their Proceedings were, and what measures they took in their Votes. I thought the King's Speech would have had that Influence upon them, that they would have Regulated their Actions according to that Rule, which His Majesty told them, should be ever his, viz. *The Law of which, they, with the King were the Fathers*; and not have pretended to make themselves a particular (nay, Supreme) Court of Judicature, in Cases of Treason; that no Person Impeached of Treason by the Commons of England in Parliament, and stands so Impeached, could be tryed by any other inferior Court, without a high Breach of the privileges of Parliaments. Good God! I find then the King and the Lords, are but Cyphers; and what the King has declared ought to be, must not be done, because the Commons will not have it so. So that, they who make so great an Out-cry against Arbitrary Proceedings, make themselves the great Favourers of it. What, I pray, was the cause of this? And who the Plague was it, they stickled about then?

Tay. *Fitz. Harry*; would the Devil had him, e're we had been troubled with him, and his Depositions too, with a pox to 'em. --- But I'll tell thee, there's somewhat else, that was the more immediate Reason of their Dissolution; 'twas, concerning a Business of the ----

Shoom. Ay, ay, of the Devil, I think; you Citizens, if you cannot hear of the true genuine Reasons, forsooth, you'll make them; and shall pass Authentick too, as if you had been intimately acquainted with the Kings Cabinet, or had known his Resolutions before he thought upon them. Faith, I'll tell thee plainly, would but you (*Sir Formals*) learn this old Maxime, that *Sua quæsq; alit ars*, which perhaps is too much Latin for a third part of our *Mechanick News-mongers*; who make it the greatest part of their Business to run from the *Coffee-house* to the *Alc-honse*, and thence to the *Tavern*; and so buzzing about, till they lose their sense, as well as Reason; I say, would every Man but mind his own private Affairs, erect a Tribunal in his own Closet, and let his *Domestick Oeconomy* be his greatest Study, we should have the Publick Peace less disturbed, and the Government less obnoxious to Censure and Contempt. 'T has never been good times, since every Clobber and Porter pretend to understand State-Policy, and every Finical Mechanick, and proud Tradesman, to be vers'd and knowing in the *Arcana's* of the Privy-

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Council Introth, *Jack*, my name's *Veritas*; and I must speak like myself; I care not for popular Applause; nor will I suffer Hypocrits vaile my Nakedness; though I have, what I must always expect, an Odium, or Hatred: For my part I am a good honest *Southwark* Borough, and I thank God, we love our King, and our Country; and our Publick Peace, Utility, and Order; and, as we said in our Addresses to our Electd Burgeesses; *Though we did not like your accompanying to Oxford, them in such Pomp and Splendor, yet we assured them, we were as ready to stand by them, in the discharge of the Trust we reposed in them, as the best Life-and-fortune-men of them all.*

Shoom. But prethee *Jack*, are they all returned home yet from Oxford?

Tay. Yes, a great part of them; but they are not all come yet.

Shoom. Ha, ha, ha! Faith I can't choose but laugh, to see how silly and speaking they lookt, with their Heads hanging downwards, and their Hats Flapping about their Ears, their hopes frustrated, and their Designs in-fatuated; when in their Setting out, they appeared brisk and airy, and their Equipage shewed them like Men designed for a Camp, rather than an Assembly of Peace.

Tay. Well, well, come, talk no more of it: *Quod factum est, infectum fieri nequit*, Prethee hold thy Tongue.

Shoom. Hold my Tongue, I Gad, it would make a Stone speak, to see how hot brain'd Men are; and forsooth, to make their Designs more plausible, a needless fear of the Subversion of the Government, the Protestant Religion, and the Liberties of the Subjects, must still be the specious pretence for all their unwarrantable and unlawful Practices, and every half wited Scoundrel, must pretend to censure the management of those at the Helm. A fine age I Faith! Come, come, *Jack*, be of my mind; *Bene vixit, qui bene latuit*: let us keep at home with our wives, and leave frequenting the *News-mongers*; and let us administer what we can to publick Utility and Peace.

Tay. I Faith, thou sayest very well? Come, here's a health to thee, which I am confident thou wilt pledge; God bleß King *Charles*, and send us all Peace and Tranquillity, now, and at the hour of Death.

Shoom. Come, with all my Soul, and hang up all the Roundheads, as the *Oxford* Blades said, and let every true English-man, Loyal Heart, and Honest Protestant, say, *Amen*,

By R. Hearn.

L O N D O N,

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